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A Christmas Carol. All this night shrill chanticleer. Day's proclaiming trumpeter, Claps his wings and loudly cries. Mortals, mortals, wake and rise.

See a wonder, Heaven is under; From the earth is risen a Sun Shines all night, though day be done Wake, oh, earth ! wake everything Wake and hear the joy I bring ; Wake and joy for all this night Heaven and every twinkling light ; All amazing

Still stand gazing : Angels, powers, and all that be, Wake and joy this Sun to see. Hail, oh. Sun! Ob. blessed Light. Sent unto the world by night, Let Thy rays and heavenly powers shine in this dark soul of ours ; For most surely

Thou art truly God and man, we do confess: Heil, ob. Sun of Righteonsness.

A Tale of Three Yuletides ;

BEING A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS REVE-LATIONS TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Tell you a story? I believe, little Amy, you could coax a Christmas story from even the giant Blunderbore, who, as you know, was rather a cheerless and uncivil fellow. So settle yourself in my lap-don't be afraid to hug me too close

and listen.

Being by this time well aware of the exact number of watch charms in my possession, you are surely much trou-bled to find out why of late I carry about a many-dinted old Roman carry about a many-dinted old Roman coin, in preference to a large stone mounted in gold, or a little Chinese idol, or even a gold dollar, with the whole Declaration of Independence stamped on one side. You must understand, as you are a sad little flirt, that ornaments of the latter sort are much affected by corner many goals. affected by your many gentleman acquaintances. Let me account for my strange behavior. As the coin hangs from my watch chain, so by the coin hangs a tale, which runs after this fash-

It is now some fourteen years since was living in Rome. I was only a very young and inexperienced artist then, you know; and I didn't wear such an immense beard and whiskers as are now coquetting with your dear golden curls. And, what is more, I was not so extravagantly wealthy in those days as you suppose me to be, now that I am your Uncle Coventry and am able to daily extract a few pennies from my pocket, to be instantly converted by you into tarts at the nearest baker's shop. You will believe, then, that I was rather well pleased than otherwise when a beautiful lady, all dressed in silks and satins and blazing with jewels, rustled into my humble studio, one fine September morning. Was she a fairy princess? Oh, no; not quite. But she did there and then inquire whether I would be willing to paint a portrait of her fouryear-old daughter, Bianca, which sh intended as a Christmas present for the little dear's grandmother. I should have informed you that Biar ca was present also, and had quickly interested herself among my brightest pictures. What sort of a little girl was she? Well, in due gallantry and with allowances for the difference of climate, I must not say that she was prettier than you or that her hair was a trifle more shining. I took her offer immediately, and it was arranged that Bianca should visit my studio three or four times a week, in company with her mother or nurse or uncle, and sit as still as a church mouse for ten minutes, which latter was a mat-ter of dreadful vexation to her, as it would be to you also, Miss Amy, anca and myself became firm friends, although she would pout and and pretend to be awfully mad with me when I would insist upon her keeping a sober face for a second together, or stop tormenting the whiskers and soul of an ancient cat, who was the partner of my joys and sorrows. She was born in Venice, where most of the golden-haired, blue-eyed children of Italy come from. Her mother owned a whole village in the province of Venice, and her father,

was long since dead. One day my lovely little model, "my as I used to call her—(don't painted to order for his art gallery. pull my beard so hard, I verily believe you are jealous, little Amy)—one day Bianca came to my studio with her uncle, Count Luigi, whom I then beheld for the first time. He was the brother-in-law of the contessa. Was he much like me? I hope not. You shouldn't like him for an uncle at all; and I am certain Bianca did not. He was tall and dark and mysterious, and his yellow face was decorated by a pair of black, fiery eyes, that were entirely too near to be honest; likewise by a hooked nose, and a coal-black mustache, the ends of which were continually finding their way between his beautiful white teeth. Uncle Luigi seemed to me vastly like one of the ogres, magicians, or wicked knights addicted to stealing pretty maids from their castle boudoirs, of whom you have read a good deal in your books. I did not admire this gentleman from the first; and our meeting was pretty much the same as the distant acquaintance of two icebergs. I am not quite sure that Bianca's mother liked him; but she appeared to be too weak and easily managed to express her want

who had been a very great man at Rome,

of affection for him. My picture progressed famously, and -(paint a picture of you? Certainly, ny love. We will have it ready for my love. your next birthday)-and when the first week of December closed I had delivered my picture to the Contessa di Casabianca, receiving in exchange a check on a Roman bank for a most agreeable sum of money. The portrait was to be taken to Venice, and duly presented to the grandmother on Christmas day. It represented Bianca smiling, and dressed in a low-necked silk gown, with a neck-lace of pearls round her throat. From the necklace hung this same old Roman coin, which her papa had picked up under the walls of Rome. Some Roman, maybe Julius Cæsar, had dropped it there two thousand years ago.

The contessa had promised to pay me a farewell visit before departing for the north of Italy. The appointed day had arrived, and I had gone to the extravagance of donning an entirely new suit of clothes to receive and entertain my guests. I waited and fidgeted; but no visitors. No kind, tender contessa; no angelice Bianca; no perfidious-looking uncle appeared. When the night set in, I felt angry and disgusted, little Amy, because I thought my Venetian acquaintances had left Rome, forgetful of me. The following morning I went to the dwelling of the contessa, to discover whatever I could concerning her departure, Judge of my surprise on learning that the lady had not yet departed. I was shown into the drawing-room by a first term of the more departed. I was shown into the drawing-room by a first term of the more departed. I was shown into the drawing-room by a first term of the more of the artist who painted the name. "Do you, perhaps, remember the name."

"Do you, perhaps, remember the name."

"I don't know that she had any other name."

"Do you, perhaps, remember the name."

"I don't think I do. It was—like—Pem"—

"Yes! yes! Pembroke! Bignor Pembroke!"

My street-waif then was none other that Bianca di Casabianca! I caught the little girl to my heart and kissed her, saying: "I am Signor Pembroke.

Do you know me?"

"I think I have heard your voice long ago; but your whiskers are so great."

"I taked her a few more question."

whatever I could concerning her de-parture. Judge of my surprise on learn-ing that the lady had not yet departed. I was shown into the drawing-room by a servant on whose face I detected the signs of some trouble; and I waited for the rustle of the contessa's dress in the doorway. But this was not to be. In her place came Bianca's nurse, pale and with eyes but newly-dried from weeping. Sinking into a chair, she almost sobbed to me the following words:

"Oh! Signor Pembroke, the contests in present the contests in present the contests in present the contests."

"Oh! Signor Pembroke, the contessa is in an agony. We were going to see you yesterday, when the contessa asked for Bianca. She had been playing on the steps but a minute before, and then it was impossible to find her. The house, the garden, the streets, all have been searched; but in vain. We cannot find my little Bianca. Some one has stolen her away. And my mistress!—she will surely die!"

Nothing beyond this could I discover from any one. Bianca had disappeared as completely and hopelessly as though the carth had opened and swallowed her. It was not proper for me to intrude my presence upon the great grief of the contessa's household. I sadly withdrew, full of anxiety for the sweet

withdrew, full of anxiety for the sweet child, whom I had learned to love.

No effort was spared by the contessa and the Roman police, and apparently by Count Luigi, to recover the lost Bianca. But the attempts were utterly useless; and the mother, sick at heart, ecturned to her home, taking with her my picture, which cruel fate seemed to have transformed from a Christmas present to a sacred memento of an angel

Now don't interrupt me. I have not finished yet. I am going to relate a rather odd incident that happened before the time of Bianca's disappearance. Late one night I was crossing the bridge of Sant' Angelo, which spans the Tiber. I was thinking over the finishing touches to my child picture, when I suddenly became aware of a boat passing under me. Prompted by curiosity, I leaned over the battlement of the bridge and listened. A man was standing in the boat, speaking and gesticulating to the rowers. I saw him clearly in the full moonlight, and I was almost sure that be was the Count Luigi. Only a few words could I catch from the speakers, and they were these, spoken by the rough voice of some low rascal of the Roman populars. Roman populace:

"In tre sessimane la bambina sara"

hear; but the words were enough to next bade the the janitor's wife excite a strong suspicion in my mind, when I connected them with Bianca's isappearance. Could the man have really been the Count Luigi? I dared agreed, promising them they should see not reveal to any one what my mind me early in the morning. suggested-namely, that Bianca had sctually been made away with by her over, he was a powerful man at Rome. and could make the place exceedingly uncomfortable for me if his anger were once raised against me. Confident that our Divine Father would in the end unravel the terrible mystery, I betook myself to my painting again. The generous contessa had not only paid me far beyond what my toil deserved, but had recommended me to the great families at Rome. I suppose I could paint tolerably well then, and 'my patrorage

increased daily. Seven years passed on, my Amy, and your uncle had in that time become such a grand artist and earned so much money that he thought he would come over the water to his old home in New York, Accordingly, I hired my little

want you to make me a picture of a years ago. child who has woke up on Christmas morning and found her stocking crammed with good things. And mind you,

the child must be very beautiful." "All right," said I. "Call on Mon-day next and I shall have my sketch ready for you,'

You know artists most generally have models for such pictures. Hence I set myself to work to secure one; but I found this was a difficult job. Now, if you had been a young lady then, I carmen Tortolant."

Should have certainly had you sit for It was the common story, I thought my painting. But my model came from an entirely unexpected quarter. I had walking up town through an out-of-the-way street, when I heard the music of a harp and violin, just as they sound when the Italian players come under your windows to drive you crazy with their awful performances. On drawing nearer, I discovered a dark-complexioned and handsome Italian boy twanging an accompaniment on his harp to an outlandish song, and near him a young girl airily and delicately drawing her bow across a battered fiddle. Seeing me, she stopped, approached, and, holding out her hand piteously, said:

"Oh! mister, gif a poor girl a few pennies. The padrone will be beat us if we go back without money; and we have had nothing to eat. Oh! mister,

I was touched, and the pennies so dearly needed quickly came forth. The girl girl was uncommonly beautiful, I thought, for a street-waif. She had yellow hair, partly hidden in an old pink muffler, and sweet wide blue eyes, and such a nose, month and dimpled chin—all like yours, my love. Her face was tanned a little by the sun of many days in the pitiless streets. Her attire

shut me up forever."
"Wouldn't you like to go to a nicer

home, and have plenty to eat and decent clothes, and get paid for easy work?"
"Oh! sir," she almost sobbed, as if the happiness I spoke of were too great to think of.

"Listen," I continued. " If you will leave the padrone, I will get you a comfortable place to live in, with a nice old lady to take care of you."

Unaccustomed as the child was to kindness from strangers, she clearly regarded me with doubt, and, looking at

the harp-player, who was observing me with considerable interest, answered: "But I won't leave Jiacomo. He is good to me. He gives me half his bread

when I am very hungry."
"Will you come with me if Jiacomo comes?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."
"Then step this way, Jiacomo," I said to him. "How would you like to leave the padrone, and to live with people who will take care of you? You will have work to do and be well paid."
Jiacomo took off his hat, and, smilingly looking me in the face with goodnatured, honest eyes, replied: "You are too good, sir. I would like to go, if she may come with me; but if the padrone ever catches us he will kill us both." both.

"Have no fear of the padrone," I said. "If he makes any trouble, we will have him arrested and put into prison.'

This bold declaration of mine settled the matter, and I had little further trourle in persuading them to accompany me to my studio, where I intended to have them stay for the time being. They must have thought that I was the city governor, or at least a police cap-tain. Fancy your grave and decorous Uncle Coventry marching down Broadway at nightfall, followed by a couple of delighted mountebanks. The janitor of the building in which my studio was located must have thought I had gone raving mad, and he greeted me with a look of blank surprise when I appeared at his doorway, with my extraordinary companions. "Now, then, sir," said I to him, "be spry, and run up-stairs and build a roaring fire in my grate; and then, sir, prepare a hearty supper for these famished children." The musical in-struments of my two friends were de-"In tre section and to bambina sara" posited in one corner of my studio, and in a very short time the children were eated before such a supper as they had conceived of only in blissful dreams. I them with comfortable beds. When I was preparing to leave, the happy child-

Now, while they are supposed to be asleep, I shall tell you what you seem uncle, bargained into the hands of a dying to know—namely, what a padrone parcel of scoundrels. How could I is. He is an old curmudgeon, who reprove it? What reason could I give for his committing such a crime? More makes them go out into the street to makes them go out into the street to

beg, or play, or steal—usually all three. And if they do not obtain money in some way, he beats them and packs them off to bed supperless. What do you think of that, little girl? But about my street acquaintances: It was decided upon next day that Jiacomo should keep my studio in order, while his companion would sit for my

Christmas picture. The pair were placed in charge of my janitor's wife, with the strictest commands that due care should be taken, lest they might again fall into the hands of the padrone. In order to make my model as happy-looking as possible, I provided her with a box of bon bons, and seated her on a beautiful rug, amidst the rare and curious little objects of my studio. Yes, I shall bring studio down town and commenced business at once. I did not have very long to wait for patrons. A gentleman called in one October day and conversed her how to pose, when, suddenly, as if some long - forgotten thought flitted some long - forgotten thought flitted

"I hear you are from Rome," said "Oh! I know how to sit, sir. I had my picture taken before—many, many

that ?" "In-in Roma; when I was a bambina before my mamma died. The men said she was dead. Then I came to live with the padrone. It was many days before I came here. We had to sail on the water in a ship. Oh! ever so large

a ship!"
"Aud what is your name?" I asked,

It was the common story, I thought, of a child, an orphan, taken from Italy to a hard life in America. I could not left my studio one evening, and was gather any more knowledge of her walking up town through an out-of-the-earlier life from Jiacomo, who was standing by. I turned to my paper, to commence sketching her, when it oc-curred to me that a necklace would look pretty on little Carmen. I stepped to a cabinet, saying:

"I am going to give you a neeklace, armen. One of bright beads." Carmen. One of bright beads."
"Oh! How nice! But, see, I have an old one. Only an ugly penny tied

to a string."
She removed it from her neck. I had not noticed it before, and carelessly took it in my hand. Never was I so surprised in my life. The penny, as she called it, was actually the same coin that now hangs from my watch-chain,

that now hangs from my watch-chain, the same that my early friend, Bianca di Casabianca had worn. "Where on earth did you get this?" I cried, hardly able to stand still with excitement "I always wore it, sir."

"What did you say your name was?"
"Carmen. But I know they used to call me Bianca when I was a baby."
"And do you recollect your mamma's

name?"
"I only called her mamma, sir,

I asked her a few more questions, and I saked her a few more questions, and her answers more clearly proved her to be the Bianca of my first artist days. But I could extract nothing from her to verify my suspicions of her Uncle Luigi. Although overjoyed to be the means of rescuing her from the cruelest means of rescuing her from the cruelest of lives, I was now seriously troubled by the thought that Bianca's mother had, perhaps, died in the seven years that had elapsed since the beginning of my story. At any rate, I determined to write to her address in Lombardy and take the steps necessary to have Bianca write to her address in Lombardy and take the steps necessary to have Bianca returned to her family. I bade my model play to her heart's content, and rummaging in my desk for the contessa's address, I found it, and before nighfall I had dispatched a long letter

to Italy.

I did not explain matters fully to Bianca, preferring to await the results of my letter to her mother. Weeks passed quickly by and my picture was on the verge of being completed. Bian-ca's face was losing more and more of its tan and Jiacomo had become quite a fashionable young gentleman and was showing a marvelous taste for drawing. One morning, a few days before Christ mas, there was a great commotion on my stairway. I opened the door, and, as I live, there was Bianca in her mothas I live, there was Bianca in her mother's arms, and the pair hugging and kissing each other and crying as though they would never stop! I retreated very quickly, my Amy and your Uncle Coventry was actually weeping too. Just think of it! Coventry Pembroke, artist, in tears! And I believe there wasn't a dry eye in the whole building when all the artists knew what had transpired. he artists knew what had transpired. In a little while the contessa came into my studio. I kissed her hand and bore myself like a hero. Never was

three people so happy.

Many explanations followed. I inquired after the health of Count Luigi out of pure friendliness, you know.
"Luigi is in prison," said the con

"Indeed !" I burst out. "I thought he would arrive there some time."
"He was convicted of being concern

"He was convicted of being concern-ed in a conspiracy against the govern-ment. At the time of his trial three Roman desperadoes, who were being tried for heavy crimes in the same court, testified to a previous crime which he had hired them to perform! And you would not think what this crime was."

I had my idea, but remained silent, "He had contracted with them," cor tinued the conten 'to steal Biance from me and hide her forever from the world. My husband's will declared that, if I died childless and without marrying again, my brother-in-law, Luigi, would come into my whole fortune. Bianca being my sole hoir, the count calculated upon acquiring my wealth when he should have removed

her from his path." Here was the mystery solved at last Petraightway confessed my early opin-ions of the Count Luigi to the contessa and likewise the story of the incident at the bridge of Sant' Angelo. From thoughts of the perfidy of this man, we turned to thank heaven for having thus marvelously outwitted his schemes. Had it not been for this ancient coin, whose seeming uselessness had preserved it from the greediness of Bianca's captors. mother and daughter had died unhappy and far from each other's arms. So ends the story of the second Christ.

mas, which hrings us up to the present. And what became of Bianca and Jia-como? Well, I have a letter in my desk from Bianca, who returned with her mother to Venice, informing me that the contessa had blessed her marriage engagement with Jiacomo. She inclosed the coin, saying that, as it was the cause of all her happiness, it was the dearest souvenir she could give me, Jiacomo went to Rome some years ago, and is rapidly turning out to be a great artist—greater even than your Uncle Coventry. I believe the contessa defrayed the expense of his prepara-tory education, and she is doubtless even now helping him on, And he de-serves it; for he is a real genius, and has noble blood in his veins

Now, don't ask me to detail the pri vate history of the padrone and the desperadoes. You are positively drowsy and I want to smoke. I think you ha better go to bed, as Santa Claus has in-surmount tile objections to filling young people's stockings while they are yet

rwegian Commerce The Norwegian nation is the smallest of all European nations, but its commercial fleet is the third largest in the world. The Norwegian flag is, of all foreign flags, that which is most frequently seen in the harbor of New York. York, and through the sound which connects the Baltic with the North sea and forms the highway from London to St. Petersburg, often three to four hundred Norwegian craft of every description pass during one single day. In Norway, although not every man is a sailor, every person is, nevertheless, more or less directly connected with the shipping interest. To build ships or to sail them, to own ships or to have a part in them, is a point in everybody's life all along those thousand fjords which fringe the coast of Norway; and to the inland farmer the most common manner of placing his savings is to go down to the sea and buy a part in a ship. Many a Norwegian vessel, carrying timber to England and coal back to Denmark, or dried fish to Naples and oranges back to St. Petersburg, represents the for-tunes of a whole village or parish, in which even the servant girl may have a share, and to many a well-to-do Norwe-gian farmer the only source from which he draws, and can draw, ready money is

Who Invented the Steamboat?

Everybody who has visited the nation capitol has heard of Brumidi, the al capitol has heard of Brumidi, the fresco artist, whose work ornaments and enlivens every part of the building. One day, while Brumidi was engaged in painting a picture over the door of the Senate committee room on patents, a gentleman entered, and after looking at it for a few moments, asked:

"What is that you're painting?"

"A picture of Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam power," replied Bru-

ventor of steam power," replied Bru-

"But he wasn't the inventor of stean power," retorted the stranger somewhat

power, "retorted the stranger somewhat earnestly.

Brumidi, who occupied a platform that raised him almost to the ceiling, stopped his work, laid down his brush, and turning toward the stranger asked in his quiet way: "Didn't Fulton invent the first steamboat?"

"No, he didn't," answered the gentleman.

"Well, then, who did?"
"Why," replied the stranger, "John
Fitch. He was a long way shead of
Fulton. I know that, because I've been
in Fitch's workshop myself."

"Well, you're an old man," replied Brumidi, respectfully, "and I won't dispute your word. I've always thought that Fulton made the first steamboat, but if you say he didn't, it's all right. Have you got a picture of your man Fitch?"
"No, I haven't got his picture, but
I've got a book that tells all about his

I've got a book that tells all about his life and his works."

"Will you send me that book?"

"Yes, I will, just as soon as I get home," answered the gentleman.

"Well, you do that, and I'll paint a picture of Fitch, too," said Brumidi.

"I won't decide who made the first steamboat. You send me that book and I'll paint pictures of both the men and leave the public to decide who is entitled to the honor. I'm a painter myself and

don't bother about inventors. The stranger left, and in a few days Brumidi received a small book contain-ing a personal sketch of Fitch and an account of his works. From this sketch the artist painted a portrait of Fitch, re-senting him in his workshop engaged upon the model of a stern-wheel steamer with three paddles as motive power. Those who visit the capitol now will see a picture of Fulton looking upon his first steamer over the committee room on patents, and on the opposite of the hall is the representation of John Fitch in all his glory. As Brumidi said, the people are left to decide which of the inventors is entitled to the honor. The artist does not bother himself about the question at all .- Washington Post.

Novel Mode of Punishing Criminals.

The penitentiary management, determined not to be outdone by Edison, have introduced electricity as a mode of punishment. The statement having been made that prisoners exposed to this panishment suffered more than they did by the use of the ducking-tub, a reporter called at the prison and was hown the method of punishment by Deputy Warden Quinn and Dr. Drury, the prison physician. The electric apparatus is in a box ten inches in ngth, three inches high and three nches wide. It contains an electromagnet. The prisoner is taken to the ducking-box, formerly in use in the insane department. He is stripped and blindfolded before coming in sight of the water-box, and is then led around a corner of the interior cell building, and placed in the box, handcuffed, but not hackled at the feet. The room is warm, having fire in it day and night. He sits down in water three inches in depth. One pole of the battery is placed in the water. A sponge is attached to the end

of the other pole Deputy Warden Quinn superintends ing the bare skin of the convict in various places rapidly, with the sponge. A prisoner turns a small crank attached to the electric apparatus. The concern is so small that it looks likes a toy, but it makes the subject of punishment yell sometimes as though he was badly hurt or badly frightened. The reporter did not witness a punishment, but is giving what he was told at the prison. Dr. Drury says this mode of punishment does no harm. In some cases he says it is a physical benefit. The punishment is said to be effectual, on account of the man being blindfolded. He has no idea where or when he is going to be touched. and is not nerved against it, as one would be who takes hold of the poles of a bat-tery with his eyes open and his thoughts concentrated for the expected shock. It is said that the mode of punishment has reduced the visits to the room fortyfive per cent. The dungeons have been dispensed with except five. About one per week is sent there. The water-box known as the ducking-tub is ten feet long, four feet high and three feet wide. It is painted red and has a lid. When lid is lifted up and turned back against the wall, the visitor reads on the under side of it, "Long Branch."—Co-lumbus (Ohio) Dispatch,

How He Cured Them.

Many of the congregation made it a part of their religion to twist their necks out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passed up the aisle of the church. Being worried one afternoon by this turning practice, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon, and said :
"Now, you listen to me, and I'll tell

you who the people are as each one of them comes in." He then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when he bawled out like an usher : "Deacon A-, who keeps a shop

over the way. He then went on with his sermon when presently another man passed into the aisle and he gave his name, residence and occupation; so he continued for some time.

At length some one opened the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out : "A little old man, with drab coat and an old white hat; don't know him—look for yourselves."

The congregation was cured. - Cleve and Leader.

TIMELY TOPICS.

South America is suffering from grasssouth America is sthering from grass-hoppers. The valley of the Cauca, one of the most fertile and populous sections of the republic of Colombia, has been ravaged by them. All growing crops have been ruined, and the people are threatened with famine.

Among the curiosities at the dead letter office, in Washington, is a letter containing \$50 and addressed to Hoboken, Sniffy Tiddlewinks & Co., pig dealers, 222 Hoffensnipper's Terrace (corner Fiddlekee avenue and Four Hundleder). ired and Fifth street), Nantucket, Mass.

At prominent railroad points in the United States there are now forty-six organizations known as the "Railroad Men's Christian Association." The first was formed in Cleveland in 1872. There is now an active membership of 2,500, and an associate membership of over 100,000 railroad men.

A Parliamentary paper just issued shows that in the year 1877 2,662 lives were lost in England and Wales by drowning in inland waters. Of the persons whose lives were lost 2,140 were males and 522 females; 1,423 lives were lost in rivers and running waters, 637 in canals, and 602 in lakes or ponds.

Mr. Guy Carlton, a robust farmer seventy-five years old, living near the village of Wyoming, N. Y., has bought his coffin and has it ready for use. He also has ready for erection a solid marble block, chiseled in the shape of a dwelling, with doors and windows. The block will be put over his grave to sym-bolize by its form and solidity the last ong dwelling of man.

The world is crazy for show. There is not one perhaps in a thousand who dares fall back on his real, simple self for power to get through the world and exract enjoyment as he goes along. There s no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join the general cheat, there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man desires to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and invigorating in such an example, and we should honor and uphold such a plan with all the energy in our power.

Frauds of History.

At a meeting of the Yale alumni in New York, Professor Wheeler read a paper, in which he exposed a number of popular historical tales. Sappho never killed herself by jumping from a rock, but died a natural death. Leonidas fought at Thermopylse, not with only 300 at his back, but with 7,000. The philotas were not the victims of their father's firmners, but of his brutality. It was utterly impossible for Hannibal to have followed up his victory at Canne, and the story of his using vinegar to cleave the rocks of the Alps is absurd. So, too, the story of Cleopatra dissolving a pearl in a goblet of vinegar and drinking up a fortune at one draught. Ar-chimedes never said: "Give me a lever long enough and I will move the world; nor did he cry out "Eureka!" at any known period of his life or discoveries. Alexandria was never visited by Omar. nor was the Alexandrian library burnt, No more did Galileo say: "And yet it moves for all that!" since it is proved from authentic documents that he did ers is fabulous; as is also the story that he encouraged the followers with brave words when the shores of San Salvador were still out of sight. Richard III., of England, did not kill his brother Clarence, and the story about a butt of Malmsey grose from the fact that the body of Clarence, who died body of Clarence, who died a natural in defiance of gravitation. death, was transported from Calais to England in a wine butt. Charles II. rom Westminster abbey and hanged at apprehensive of some such ill-treatment and her father's corpse secretly removed from the abbey and buried in a quiet hurchyard. Milton's daughters could not have consoled their father in his blinduess by reading passages from the old authors, for the best of reasons they did not know how to read.

Satisfying the Barber.

One time there was a barber. And one day a feller he cum into the shop fur to git shafed, and he handed the parber a card which was wrot on like this way:

"For my Hair—Taller, clone, lard, bergmot, pomatum, oil, tonuick, restoratif, pitchooly, gum, beeswhacks, ker-

"For my Face—Cole creem, cam frice, powder, ham fat, sof sope, glis-sern, poltice; rooje nammel, giant cement, shoo blackn.

"For my Wiskers-Sames for

hair, only more taller.
"For my Muchtash—Do., starch, glew, morter and sodder.' When the barber he red it he was just dlited, and said to the feller: "You are the most sensible man which has ever

set in this chair; yes, indeed. I never see a man of such good taste."

And then the barber shafed the feller, and tole him all the news which he cude think, and never stopt tockin, the bar-ber didnt, while he shafed, cos he was dlited. But, jest as he got dun shafn the feller, and was getten reddy to put them things on him, cordin to the memmy randem, a man wocked in and took the feller by the ear, and he sed to the barber, the man did: "This feller's

got to go now, cos he is a escape; if you want to finish him you must fetch them things over to the def and dum ward of the lunattic sylum."-Little Johnny.

The most tender-hearted person we ever knew was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran

Items of Interest.

The durability of black silks is due to their frequent cleaning. The person who wants everything in ship-shape should go to sea.

There is no part of a man which will stand so many blows as his nose. What country in Africa resembles a falsehood that is thrice told? It must be Tripoli.

Indignation. — "Virtuous indigna-tion" is the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

Actually some people are so opposed to culture that they will not elevate their eyebrows.

The worm and the barrel-hoop are very much alike in this respect, that they turn when trod upon.

"Weight for the wagon," observed the farmer as he helped his three-hundred-pound wife to a seat in the vehicle. Every man is made better by the possession of a good picture, if it is only the landscape on the back of a hundred-

dollar note. Frequently the masculine gender is used to denote both sexes, as when we say "Man is mortal." Man frequently

embraces woman. A cat's eyes begin to grow large at six o'clock P. M., and are largest at mid-night, when a bootjack seems to them

to be as large as a barn door. There are 226 counties in Texas, of these Tom Green and Crockett are as

large as Massachusetts, Pecos as Con-necticut, and Harris as Rhode Island. Physicians in India raise blisters with red-hot iron, and dress them with cay-enne pepper. If such treatment does not make people "smart," we don't know anything that would.

A Demerara (South America) newspaper contains among its local items the announcement of the killing of a snake sixteen and a half feet long opposite the city hospital, the arrest of an Arab for passing off a penny piece brightened with quicksilver for a half crown, and the arrival of a ship on whose passenger list are the Names of Messrs. Coahye, Woozeer, Gangadin, Oree, Lutchman, Purbhoodoyal and Mungra; Mmes. Satchuy, Joymoney, Ramdoye, Bhugua, Oozerun and Gunga, and Miss Zeeboy.

Man sometimes reaches an exalted position. Sometimes pride lifts him up so high that he will scarcely recognize or commune with others even on his own level; riches may gain for him honors and the admiration of his fellowmen; he may court the muses and win everlasting fame; he may cultivate the sciences and win renown by some dis-covery either in the blue ethereal heavens or in the dark caves of earth; he may become the most noted of men, and thus be freed from associating with those of common clay; but, nevertheless, he cannot help unconsciously keeping step with the tune of a brass band that passes him on the street, - Salem Sun-

A Curious Petition.

A correspondent who has been rummaging in the room devoted to the filing away of congressional documents, in the basement of the Capitol at Washington, says: But perhaps the most curious, if not the most important, memorial is a very large one, being in fact, threehundred and ninety-six feet long, and containing thirteen thousand five hundred signatures, wishing a congressional appropriation and the appointment of a scientific commission for the investigation of the alleged phenomena of spiritualism. The petitioners, headed by Mr. N. P. Tallmadge, of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, urge their memorial on the following grounds, though I cannot transcribe their points in full. They say, in brief, that "they humbly beg to observe that certain physical and mennot dare to. That Columbus broke the tal phenomena of questionable origin end of an egg and thus confuted his mock- and mysterious import have of late occasioned in this country and engrossed a large share of publicattention.'

phenomena are classified as follows : First—An occult force exhibited in Lights of various forms and colors and of different degrees of intensity, appear never had the body of Cromwell taken in dark rooms. Third-A variety of sounds, extremely frequent in their oc-Tyburn, for the daughter of Cromwell, currence, widely diversified in their character and more or less mysterious in their import. There is obviously a disturbance of the sensational medium of the auditory nerves, occasioned by an undulatory movement of the air, though by what means these atmospheeic undulations are produced does not appear to the satisfaction of acute observers. Fourth—All the functions of the human body and mind are often and strangely influenced by what appear to be certain abnormal states of the system, and by causes which are neither adequately defined or understood. They wish, therefore a scientific commission and ap-

propriation.

But alas for the hopes of N. P. Tall madge of Fon du Lac and his 396 feet of friends, we find that a gross and materialistic Senate ordered the memorial

'to lie upon the table." Washington's Rebuke.

Gen. Washington was dignified in manner and speech. He exacted appropriate consideration for himself and his position; but he exhibited a trait rare among men of high station-he was always considerate toward his associates, An anecdote illustrates this high-bred courtesy, and also his tender sympathy: Stopping one day during the war at a house in New Jersey, he found there a wounded officer. The man was confined to his bed, and was so feeble that the least noise agitated him. Washington spoke in such a low tone, and while at dinner was so quiet, as to influence his

officers to a similar consideration for the wounded man.

When he had dined he left the room. when he had dined he left the room, and the officers, unrestrained by his presence, forgot in their hilarity the poor sufferer. Suddenly the door opened quietly, and Washington entered on tip-toe, walked to the mantel, took a book, and without uttering a word quietly retired.

The delicate suggestion, too courteous for a hint was not lost.

for a hint, was not lost. It was followed by a considerate quietness.